Ten years is not long—a seventh of a lifetime, or a paragraph in a history book, or two Parliaments' full tenure, or a sentence for robbery with violence. Take away ten years from Lenin's life and few would have heard of him; take away ten years from Wordsworth's life and his reputation is unaffected; take away ten years from Napoleon's life and he dies in his glory; take away ten years from Keats's life and little is left; let the earth have ten years more or less to revolve round the sun, ten centuries more or less, and who would care?

If ten years is not long, ten years ago is long ago. Then, Shirley Temple had but just come crying into the world, where she was soon to delight millions, seated in darkness, solitary or clasped together, while on a white screen before them her little antics were projected. Then, the Duke of Windsor was still Prince of Wales, night starvation undiscovered, mixed-bathing in the Serpentine unpennitted, trenches in Hyde Park undug and gas masks undistributed, A.R.P. unheard of, *Cavalcade* unwritten, and unpraised by Mr. Agate, head-phones in drawing-rooms still occasionally to be seen, young women wearing trousers and young men wearing make-up still comparatively rare, mass-observation uninvented, the country still unsaved, and Ramsay MacDonald who was to save it, still leader of the Labour Party; then Mr. Godfrey Winn was little known, the salaries of Members of Parliament had not been raised from ^400 to *£600* a year, the Leader of the Opposition performed his functions gratis, and the League of Nations, described by General Smuts as 'the

greatest adventure in history', was thought by *The Times* to have 'quietly made good'; then, Waterloo Bridge and Adelphi Terrace still stood, Broadcasting House had not been built, Spain was still a monarchy, Germany still a republic, and King Carol dining with Madame Lupescu in London or Paris instead of in Bucharest; then, Mr. Lloyd George still had a party, and Sir Stafford Cripps had not been elected to Parliament, being known, if at all, as an earnest seconder of Bishop Soederblom's efforts to reunite the churches; then, no *Queen Mary* sailed the seas, the pound was on gold, Surrealism unexplained by Mi^ Herbert